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VERSE  
TRANSLATIONS  
FROM GREEK  
AND LATIN

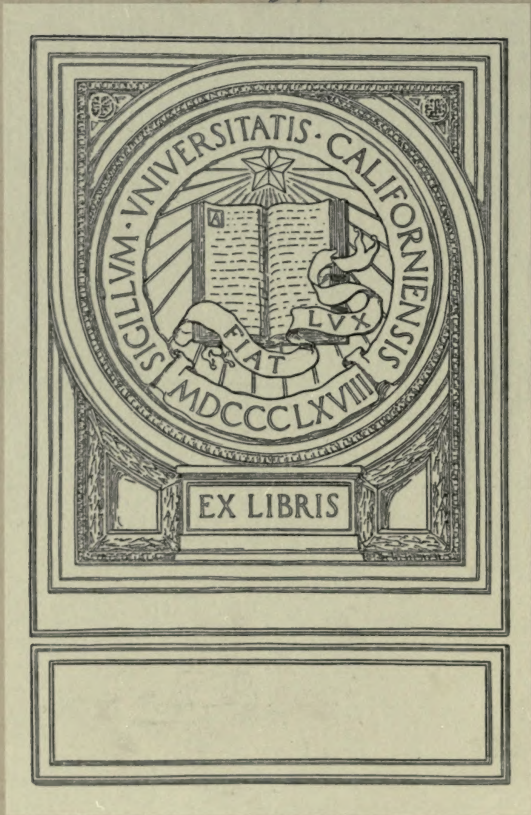


ARTHUR D. INNES

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VERSE TRANSLATIONS  
FROM  
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FROM GREEK  
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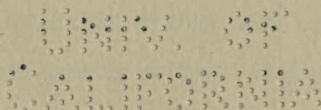
RENDERED BY

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## P R E F A C E

THE verses, in this volume were originally written for the most part as 'fair copies' for schoolmasters who wished to help their pupils to realise that poetry may lurk concealed behind difficulties of grammar and vocabulary. I venture to hope that, as they have been found useful for that specific purpose, they may also prove of some interest to scholars in general.

Both the text and the rendering of passages here and there are doubtful. In such cases, I have not felt bound to follow the highest

M166357

## P R E F A C E

authority, provided that the text or rendering adopted has reasonable support.

My thanks are due for much assistance to many friends, but especially to H. C. F. Mason (Haileybury) and R. C. Gilson (Harrow).

A. D. I.

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VERSE TRANSLATIONS





· BATTLE-SONG

Ἄγετ', ὦ Σπάρτας εὐάνδρου  
κοῦροι πατέρων πολιατᾶν,  
λαιᾶ μὲν ἔτυν προβάλεσθε,  
δόρυ δεξιτέρᾳ δ' εὐτόλμως·  
μὴ φειδόμενοι τᾶς ζωᾶς·  
οὐ γὰρ πάτριον τᾶ Σπάρτα.

Sons of Sparta, mother of men,  
Forward to the fight again !  
With the left hand rear the shield,  
With the right the war-spear wield :  
Never spare your lives to-day !  
That was never Sparta's way.

TYRTAEUS.

## ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΗΡ

οὐκέτι θελγομένας, Ὀρφεῦ, δρύας, οἱ κέτι  
πέτρας

ἄξεις, οὐ θηρῶν αὐτονόμους ἀγέ-  
λας·

οὐκέτι κοιμάσεις ἀνέμων βρόμον, οὐχὶ  
χάλαζαν

οὐ νιφετῶν συρμούς, οὐ παταγεῦσαν  
ἄλα.

ᾧλεο γάρ· σὲ δὲ πολλὰ κατωδύραντο  
θύγατρες

Μναμοσύνας, ματῆρ δ' ἔξοχα Καλ-  
λιόπα.

## ORPHEUS

No more, no more thy witcheries, sweet Orpheus,  
shall enthrall

The oaks, the rocks, the tameless things that  
roam at will the wild ;

No more to slumber shalt thou lull the  
moaning of the breeze,

The hail, the sweeping snow-storms, the  
babbling of the seas ;

For thou art fallen ; and grievously for thee  
wept every child

Of Mem'ry, but Calliope thy mother more than  
all.

CL. CLAUDIANVS

FELIX qui patruis aeuum transegit  
in agris,  
ipsa domus puerum quem uidet,  
ipsa senem ;

qui baculo nitens, in qua reptauit  
arena,  
unius numerat saecula longa  
casae.

· Illum non uario traxit fortuna  
tumultu,  
nec bibit ignotas mobilis hospes  
aquas :

## THE YEOMAN

THRICE happy, who has passed the days  
Amid the fields his fathers held,  
Whose home is still, in time of eld,  
The home that knew his boyhood's ways.

To-day the staff supports his frame  
E'en where the infant crept of yore ;  
He counts the lengthening record o'er  
Of that one cottage, still the same.

The 'wildering freaks of fortune's hand  
Have never dragged him up and down ;  
Nor drinks he from a stream unknown,  
A houseless stranger in the land.

CL. CLAVDIANVS

non freta mercator tremuit, non  
classica miles,  
non rauci lites pertulit ille  
fori :

indocilis rerum, uicinae nescius  
urbis,  
adspectu fruitur liberiore poli.

Frugibus alternis, non consule,  
computat annum,  
auctunnum pomis, uer sibi flore  
notat.

Idem condit ager soles, idemque  
reducit,  
metiturque suo rusticus orbe  
diem.

THE YEOMAN

No merchant he, for seas to scare ;  
    No soldier, dreading trumpet calls ;  
    Not his within the echoing walls  
The clamour of debate to bear.

Small skill in things of State has he—  
    He scarce has seen the town hard by ;  
    In unchecked sweep of air and sky  
He finds his simple pleasure free.

By changing crops the years he tells,  
    Not by the names the consuls bore ;  
    He marks the autumn by her store,  
The spring-tide by her blossom-bells.

The fields that saw the sunset glow,  
    They see the morning glory shine,  
    And measure out the day's decline  
By the same arching sky they know.

CL. CLAVDIANVS

Ingentem meminit paruo qui ger-  
mine quercum,  
aequaeuumque uidet consenu-  
isse nemus ;

proxima cui nigris Verona remo-  
tior Indis,  
Benacumque putat litora rubra  
lacum.

Sed tamen indomitae uires, fir-  
misque lacertis  
aetas robustum tertia cernit  
auum.

Erret, et extremos alter scrutetur  
Iberos ;  
plus habet hic uitae, plus habet  
ille uiae.

EPIGRAM ii.



## THE YEOMAN

The spreading oak his memory knows  
    Since that slim sapling whence it grew ;  
    And year by year the wood he knew  
That year by year beside him grows.

Verona's walls are hard at hand—  
    For him, the Indies are as near ;  
    For him, though close, Benacus Mere  
Is distant as the Red Gulf's strand.

Yet does his vigour nowise fail,  
    The brawny thews are firmly set ;  
    His children's children proudly yet  
Mark their old grandsire strong and hale.

So let another roving fare,  
    Explore Iberia's farthest bound ;  
    He has the larger range of ground,  
But this of Life the richer share.

## ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

εἴ τις ὑμῶν, ὦ θεαταί, τὴν ἐμὴν ἰδὼν  
φίσιν  
εἶτα θαυμάζει μ' ὄραν μέσον διεσφηκω-  
μένον,  
ἥτις ἡμῶν ἐστὶν ἡ ἴπινοια τῆς ἐγκεν-  
τρίδος  
ῥαδίως ἐγὰρ διδάξω, καὶ ἄμουσος ἦ τὸ  
πρῖν.  
ἐσμὲν ἡμεῖς οἷς πρόσεστι τοῦτο τοῦρροπύ-  
γιον  
Ἄττικοι μόνοι δικαίως εὐγενεῖς αὐτό-  
χθονες  
ἀνδρικώτατον γένος καὶ πλεῖστα τήνδε τὴν  
πόλιν

## WASPS OF ATHENS

Now if there be among you one who marked  
my shape, and so

Fell a-wondering as my wasp-waist so slender  
he inspected,

The reason of our stings I will quickly let him  
know,

Though until to-day his education may have  
been neglected.

For we who wear the tails you see are sprung  
of noble breed,

Rightly claiming as the sole true-born sons  
of Attic soil ;

A race of mighty prowess, who gave succour in  
her need

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

ὠφελῆσαν ἐν μάχαισιν, ἴνικ' ἦλθ' ὁ βάρ-  
 βαρος,  
 τῷ καπνῷ τύφων ἅπασαν τὴν πόλιν καὶ  
 πυρπολᾶν,  
 ἐξελεῖν ἡμῶν μενοινᾶν πρὸς βίαν τ' ἀν-  
 θρήνια.  
 εὐθέως γὰρ ἐκδραμόντες ξὺν δόρι ξὺν  
 ἀσπίδι  
 ἐμαχόμεσθ' αὐτοῖσι, θυμὸν ὀξίνην πεπω-  
 κότες,  
 στας ἀνὴρ παρ' ἀνδρ' ὑπ' ὀργῆς τὴν  
 χελύνην ἐσθίων.  
 ὑπὸ δὲ τῶν τοξευμάτων οὐκ ἦν ἰδεῖν τὸν  
 οὐρανόν.  
 ἀλλ' ὅμως ἀπωσάμεσθα ξὺν θεοῖς πρὸς  
 ἐσπέραν,  
 γλαῦξ γὰρ ἡμῶν πρὶν μάχεσθαι τὸν στρα-  
 τον διέπτατο.  
 εἶτα δ' εἰπόμεσθα, θυννάζοντες εἰς τοὺς  
 θυλάκους

## WASPS OF ATHENS

To the city, with the foremost, when the  
stranger came to spoil.  
He smothered with his clouds of smoke the  
city, burning wide,  
And most cruelly he craved to make havoc  
of our nest ;  
But armed with spear and shield, forth we  
dashed to quell his pride,  
And the rage that we had drunken was gall  
in every breast.  
With shoulder stanch to shoulder an angry lip  
we gnawed,  
While beyond their myriad arrows not a man  
could see the sky ;  
At fall of eve we drave them, by the succour of  
the god,  
For before the fight the Owl o'er our host was  
hovering nigh.  
We speared them through the breeches, as we  
followed on our foes,

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

οἱ δ' ἔφευγον τὰς γνάθους καὶ τὰς ὀφρῦς  
κεντούμενοι·  
ὥστε παρὰ τοῖς βαρβάροισι πανταχοῦ καὶ  
νῦν ἔτι  
μηδὲν Ἀττικοῦ καλεῖσθαι σφηκὸς ἀνδρι-  
κάτερον.

VESPAE, 1071.

WASPS OF ATHENS

And thus goaded from our clenched jaws  
and bended brows they fled ;  
And through all the strangers' land to this day  
the saying goes,  
'There is nothing more courageous than an  
Attic wasp to dread.'

## ΚΛΕΑΝΘΗΣ •

Κύδιστ' ἀθανάτων, πολυόνυμε, παγκρατὲς  
αἰεὶ

Ζεῦ, φύσεως ἀρχηγέ, νόμου μέτα πάντα  
κυβερνῶν,

χαῖρε· σὲ γὰρ πάντεσσι θέμις θνητοῖσι  
προσαυδᾶν.

ἐκ σοῦ γὰρ γένος ἐσμέν, ὑδῆς τίμημα  
λαχόντες

μοῦνοι ὅσα ζωεῖ τε καὶ ἔρπει θνήτ' ἐπὶ  
γαῖαν.

τῷ σε καθυμνήσω, καὶ σὸν κράτος αἰὲν  
αἰείσω.

σοὶ δὴ πᾶς ὅδε κόσμος ἐλισσόμενος περὶ  
γαῖαν

πεύθεται ἢ κεν ἄγης καὶ ἐκὼν ἰπὸ σείτο  
κρατεῖται.



## THE HYMN OF CLEANTHES

FIRST of Immortals, many-named, for aye  
Almighty, Lord of all things, who dost sway  
    The world with ordered governance, all hail !  
Thou God, to whom of right all mortals pray.

From Thee we have our being, and the dower  
Of speech, alone of things that live their hour  
    And move on earth : for this my chant to  
    Thee  
Shall rise, and I will ever sing Thy power.

For Thee this universe revolveth still  
About our earth, obedient to Thy will ;  
    Even as Thou guidest ordering its course,  
And Thy behest with gladness doth fulfil.

ΚΛΕΑΝΘΗΣ

τοῖον ἔχεις ὑποεργὸν ἀκινίτοις ἐνὶ χερσίν  
ἀμφήκη πυρόεντα ἀεὶ ζώνοντα κεραυνόν,  
τοῦ γὰρ ὑπὸ πληγῆς φύσεως πάντ' ἐρρί-  
γασιν,

ἢ σὺ κατευθύνεις κοινὸν λόγον, ὃς διὰ  
πάντων

φοιτᾷ μιγνύμενος μεγάλοις μικροῖς τε  
φάεσσιν,

ὃς τόσσοι γεγαῶς ὕπατος βασιλεὺς διὰ  
παντός.

οὔδέ τι γίγνεται ἔργον ἐπὶ χθονὶ σοῦ  
δίχα, δαῖμον,

οὔτε κατ' αἰθέριον θεῖον πόλον, οὐτ' ἐπὶ  
πόντῳ,

πλὴν ὅποσα ῥέζουσι κακοὶ σφετέρησιν  
ἀνοίαις.

THE HYMN OF CLEANTHES

So strong a servant hast Thou of Thine aim,  
Grasped in Thy hands invincible, the flame  
Of the forked ever-living lightning flash,  
Beneath whose stroke shudders all Nature's  
frame ;

Wherewith Thou dost direct the common  
Word

That ever passing through all things is heard,  
Mingling with greater as with lesser lights ;  
And being so mighty, everywhere art Lord.

Without Thee, Spirit, there is nothing wrought  
On earth, in air the heavenly region nought,  
Upon the waters nothing—save the wrongs  
The wicked work, by foolishness distraught.

M. VALERIVS MARTIALIS

PUELLA senibus dulcior mihi  
    cygnis,  
agna Galesi mollior Phalantini,  
concha Lucrini delicatior stagni ;  
cui nec lapillos praeferas Ery-  
    thraeos  
nec modo politum pecudis In-  
    dicae dentem,  
nivesque primas, liliūque non  
    tactum ;  
quae crine uicit Baetici gregis  
    uellus,  
Rhenique nodos, aureamque nite-  
    lam ;

## THE DEAD CHILD

LITTLE maiden, sweeter far to me  
Than the swans are with their vaunted  
    snows,

Maid more tender than the lambkins be  
Where Galesus by Phalantus flows ;

Daintier than daintiest shells that lie  
By the ripples of the Lucrine wave ;  
Choicer than new-polished ivory  
That the herds from Indian jungles gave ;

Choicer than Erythrae's marbles white,  
Snows new-fallen, lilies yet unsoiled :  
Softer were your tresses and more bright  
Than the locks by German maidens coiled,

M. VALERIVS MARTIALIS

fragrauit ore, quod rosarium Paesti,  
quod Atticarum prima mella cerarum,  
quod succinorum rapta de manu gleba,  
cui comparatus indecens erat pauo,  
inamabilis sciurus, et frequens Phoenix ;  
adhuc repenti tepet Erotion busto,  
quam pessimorum lex auara Fatorum  
sexta peregit hieme, nec tamen tota.  
Nostros amores, gaudiumque, lususque.

v. 37.

THE DEAD CHILD

Than the finest fleeces Baetis shows,  
    Than the dormouse with her golden hue :  
Lips more fragrant than the Paestan rose,  
    Than the Attic bees' first honey-dew,

Or an amber ball, new-pressed and warm ;  
    Paled the peacock's sheen, in your compare ;  
E'en the winsome squirrel lost his charm,  
    And the Phoenix seemed no longer rare.

Scarce Erotion's ashes yet are cold ;  
    Greedily grim fate ordained to smite  
Ere her sixth brief winter had grown old—  
    Little love, my bliss, my heart's delight.

## ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

εὐλογῆσαι βουλόμεσθα τοὺς πατέρας  
ἡμῶν, ὅτι  
ἄνδρες ἦσαν τῆσδε τῆς γῆς ἄξιοι καὶ  
τοῦ πέπλου,  
οἵτινες πέζαις μάχαισιν ἐν τε ναυ-  
φάρκτῳ στρατῷ  
πανταχοῦ νικῶντες ἀεὶ τήνδ' ἐκόσ-  
μησαν πόλιν·  
οὐ γὰρ οὐδεὶς πώποτ' αὐτῶν τοὺς  
ἐναντίους ἰδὼν  
ῥίθμησεν, ἀλλ' ὁ θυμὸς εὐθύς ἦν  
ἀμυνίας·  
εἰ δέ που πέσοιεν ἐς τὸν ὠμὸν ἐν  
μάχῃ τινί,  
τοῦτ' ἀπεψήσαντ' ἂν, εἴτ' ἤρνοῦντο  
μὴ πεπτωκέναι



## THE GOOD OLD TIMES

SING we the praise of our fathers to-day ;  
Worthy the land and the Mantle were  
they :

Warriors battling afloat or ashore,  
Everywhere triumphing, still winning  
more

Fame for the City. When facing the  
foe,

Never a man of them counted them—  
No!

Valour was straightway in arms and  
a-fire.

Did one in fighting fall flat in the  
mire?

Brush off the mud, never own to the  
fall !

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

ἀλλὰ διεπάλαιον αὐθις. καὶ στρατη-  
 γὸς οὐδ' ἂν εἷς  
 τῶν πρὸ τοῦ σίτησιν ἦτησ' ἐρόμενος  
 Κλεαίνετον·  
 νῦν δ' ἐὰν μὴ προεδρίαν φέρωσι καὶ  
 τὰ σιτία,  
 οὐ μαχεῖσθαι φασιν. ἡμεῖς δ' ἀξιοῦ-  
 μεν τῆ πόλει  
 προῖκα γενναίως ἀμύνειν καὶ θεοῖς  
 ἐγχωρίοις.  
 καὶ πρὸς οὐκ αἰτοῦμεν οὐδέν, πλὴν  
 τοσουτονὶ μόνον·  
 ἦν ποτ' εἰρήνη γένηται καὶ πόνων  
 παυσώμεθα,  
 μὴ φθονεῖθ' ἡμῖν κομῶσι μηδ' ἀπεσ-  
 τλεγγισμένοις.

EQUITES, 565.

## THE GOOD OLD TIMES

Back to the grip! not a man of them all  
Chosen for Captain would clamour for  
feeding,

Beg of Cleaenetus. Now, they're all  
needing

Victuals as well as precedence—if not,  
They won't go fighting, this valorous  
lot!

Ah, but we count it for glory to guard  
Nobly and well, for no dirty reward,  
Altar and home; and no guerdon beside  
Ask, but this only—if peace shall betide,  
Labours be ended, don't grudge if we  
wear

Love-locks, and sport quite a dandified  
air.

## ΕΤΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ

ὦ φίλταθ' ὡς σοι θάνατος ἦλθε δυστυχίς.  
εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἔθανες πρὸ πόλεως, ἤβης  
τυχῶν

γάμων τε καὶ τῆς ἰσοθέου τυραννίδος,  
μακάριος ἦσθ' ἄν, εἴ τι τῶνδε μακάριον.  
νῦν δ' αὖτ' ἰδὼν μὲν γνούς τε τῆ ψυχῆ,  
τέκνον,  
οὐκ οἶσθ', ἐχρήσω δ' οὐδὲν ἐν δόμοις  
ἔχων.

δύστηνε, κρατὸς ὡς σ' ἔκειρεν ἀθλίως  
τείχη πατρῶα, Λοξίου πυργώματα,  
ὄν πόλλ' ἐκήπευσ' ἢ τεκοῦσα βόστρυχον  
φιλήμασιν τ' ἔδωκεν, ἔνθεν ἐγγελᾶ  
ὀστέων ραγέντων φόνος, ἴν' αἰσχροῦ μὴ  
λέγω.

## ASTYANAX

OH, it was hard, so hard for thee to die,  
My darling. To have fallen before the walls  
In manhood's vigour, having known the joys  
Of wedlock, lived a king the mate of gods—  
Why, that were happiness, if ought there be  
Of happiness in the world. But now, poor babe,  
Thou didst behold these things, and learn of  
    them,

But know them never, never at all could'st taste  
Possession of them in a home thine own.

Unhappy! how thy fathers' walls, the towers  
Of Loxias, have piteously laid low  
The curls thy mother tended oft and kissed—  
Whence grins a carnage now of shattered bones,  
And worse I will not name.

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ

ὦ χεῖρες, ὡς εἰκούς μὲν ἡδείας πατρὸς  
κέκτησθ', ἐν ἄρθροις δ' ἔκλυτοι πρόκεισθέ  
μοι.

ὦ πολλὰ κόμπους ἐκβαλὼν φίλον στόμα,  
ὄλωλας, ἐψεύσω μ', ὅτ' εἰσπίπτων λέχος,  
ὦ μῆτερ, ἡὔδας, ἦ πολὺν σοι βοστρύχων  
πλόκαμον κερουῦμαι πρὸς τάφον θ' ὀμηλί-  
κων

κώμους ἀπάξω, φίλα διδούς προσφθέγματα.  
σὺ δ' οὐκ ἔμ', ἀλλ' ἐγὼ σὲ τὸν νεώτερον  
γραῦς ἄπολις ἄτεκνος ἄθλιον θάπτω νε-  
κρόν.

οἴμοι, τὰ πόλλ' ἀσπάσμαθ' αἴ τ' ἐμαὶ τροφαὶ  
πόννοι τ' ἐκεῖνοι φρουδὰ μοι. τί καὶ ποτε  
γράψειεν ἂν σὺ μουσοποιὸς ἐν τάφῳ;  
τὸν παῖδα τόνδ' ἔκτειναν Ἀργεῖοί ποτε  
δείσαντες; αἰσχρὸν τοῦπίγραμμά γ' Ἑλ-  
λάδι.

TROADES, 1167.

ASTYANAX

Ah, little hands,  
So sweet a counterfeit of his, thy sire's,  
Nerveless before me droop your fingers now.  
Ah, little lips that prattled boastfully,  
Ye are dumb, ye played me false, when on my  
couch  
Thou once didst fling thyself, and cry, 'Oh,  
mother,  
The plenteous locks I'll cut me off, and bring  
My comrades to your tomb in companies,  
With loving words!'—Not thou, not thou for me,  
But I for thee,—a homeless, childless crone,  
For thee, so young,—prepare the untimely grave.  
Ah me, the fond caresses, all the care  
And all the loving labour, gone, all gone!  
What should a poet write upon thy tomb?  
'This boy the Argives slew,—because they  
feared!'  
Black, black the shame to Hellas of that rede.

SEX. AVRELIUS PROPERTIUS

QUANDOCUNQUE igitur nostros  
mors claudet ocellos,  
accipe quae serues funeris acta  
mei.

Nec mea tunc longa spatietur ima-  
gine pompa,  
nec tuba sit fati uana querela  
mei,

nec mihi tunc fulcro sternatur lectus  
eburno,  
nec sit in Attalico mors mea nixa  
toro.



## THE POET'S DEATH

AND so whene'er it shall befall  
That with shut eyes in death I sleep,  
Hear now the rites thy care shall keep,  
The service of my funeral.

The slow procession shall not wend  
With waxen masks, an endless show ;  
For me the trumpet shall not blow,  
Vain wailing for the destined end.

Let not the couch for me that day  
Be spread upon an ivory frame ;  
Not such as Attalus might claim,  
The bed whereon my corpse you lay.

SEX. AVRELIUS PROPERTIUS

Desit odoriferis ordo mihi lancibus,  
adsint  
plebei paruae funeris exequiae.

Sat mihi sat magna est si tres sint  
pompa libelli,  
quos ego Persephonaе maxima dona  
feram.

Tu uero nudum pectus lacerata  
sequeris,  
nec fueris nomen lassa uocare  
meum,

osculaue in gelidis pones suprema  
labellis,  
cum dabitur Syrio munere plenus  
onyx.

## THE POETS' DEATH

No savours sweet from platters rare  
For me in ordered state shall rise ;  
The rites that mark my obsequies  
Be those that lowly folk may share.

Enough of pomp, enough for me,  
These three slight books of mine to take—  
The richest gift that I can make  
For homage to Persephone.

But thou, but thou behind wilt press,  
And smite in grief thy bosom bare ;  
Nor ever wilt thou tire nor spare  
To call my name for weariness.

And thou wilt print thy kiss, the last  
Long kiss on lips that death has chilled,  
When with its Syrian treasure filled  
The onyx casket down is cast.

SEX. AVRELIVS PROPERTIVS

Deinde, ubi suppositus cinerem me fecerit  
ardor,  
accipiat manes paruola testa meos,

et sit in exiguo laurus super addita  
busto  
quae tegat extincti funeris umbra  
locum ;

et duo sint versus, ' qui nunc iacet  
horrida puluis,  
unius hic quondam seruus amoris  
erat.'

iii. 5.

THE POET'S DEATH

And when at length the kindled flame  
My body shall to ashes burn,  
An earthen vase, a tiny urn,  
Shall hold the ghost that bore my name.

And on the scanty plot shall grow  
A laurel, where had stood my pyre,  
And cast its shadows where the fire  
Of death long since has ceased to glow.

And brief my epitaph shall run :  
' While yet he lived, who now is just  
This handful of unlovely dust,  
One love he served, and served but one.'

## ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

ὅς σοφώτατοι θεαταί, δεῦρο τὸν νοῦν  
πρόσεχετε.

ἡδικοῦμαι γὰρ ὑμῖν μεμφόμεσθ' ἐν  
άντιον.

πλεῖστα γὰρ θεῶν ἀπάντων ὠφελού-  
σαις τὴν πόλιν,

δαιμόνων ἡμῖν μόναις οὐ θύετ' οὐδὲ  
σπένδετε,

αἵτινες τηροῦμεν ὑμᾶς. ἦν γὰρ ἢ τις  
ἐξοδος

μηδενὶ ξὺν νῶ, τότε ἢ βροντῶμεν ἢ  
ψακάζομεν.

εἶτα τὸν θεοῖσιν ἐχθρὸν βυρσοδέψην  
Παφλαγόνα

## THE REPROOF

JUDICIOUS spectators! attention we pray.  
We are hurt, and we've something reproachful  
to say.  
Not a god of them all gives more help to the  
nation,  
Yet never an offering, ne'er a libation  
Comes our way—just ours, who look after you so.  
Why, whene'er on some cracked expedition  
you go,  
We thunder or drizzle. As every one knows,  
When that damned Paphlagonian tanner you  
chose  
For your Captain, black brows we drew down  
and we scowled,

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

ἤνιχ' ἤρεϊσθε στρατηγὸν, τὰς ὀφρῦς  
 συνήγομεν  
 κάποιουῦμεν δεινά· βροντὴ δ' ἐρράγη  
 δι' ἀστραπῆς·  
 ἢ σελήνη δ' ἐξέλειπε τὰς ὁδοὺς· ὁ δ'  
 ἥλιος  
 τὴν θρυαλλίδ' εἰς ἑαυτὸν εὐθέως  
 συνελκύσας  
 οὐ φανεῖν ἔφασκεν ὑμῖν, εἰ στρατη-  
 γήσει Κλέων.  
 ἀλλ' ὅμως εἴλεσθε τοῦτον. φασὶ γὰρ  
 δυσβουλίαν  
 τῆδε τῆ πόλει προσεῖναι, ταῦτα μέντοι  
 τοὺς θεοὺς  
 ἄττ' ἂν ὑμεῖς ἐξαμάρτητ' ἐπὶ τὸ  
 βέλτιον τρέπειν.  
 ὡς δὲ καὶ τοῦτο ξυνοίσει ραδίως  
 διδάξομεν.  
 ἦν Κλέωνα τὸν λάρον δώρων ἐλόντες  
 καὶ κλοπτῆς,



## THE REPROOF

And made an appalling to-do: thunder  
    howled,  
Lightning blazed; the moon slid from her  
    natural way,  
And the sun drew his wick in, and vowed  
    ‘not a ray  
Shall be granted if Cleon be Captain,’ and  
    still  
You elected just him. Well, when counsels  
    of ill  
Possess you, they say that, whatever  
    befall,  
The gods turn your blunders to luck after  
    all.  
Now we’ll tell in a word how to turn this  
    to healing;  
If only this cormorant of borrowing and  
    stealing,  
This Cleon you seize, and if promptly you  
    stock him,

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

εἶτα φημώσητε τούτου τῷ ξύλῳ τὸν  
αὐχένα,  
αὐθις εἰς τάρχαϊον ὑμῖν, εἴ τι κάξη-  
μάρτετε,  
ἐπὶ τὸ βέλτιον τὸ πρᾶγμα τῇ πόλει  
συνοίσεται.

NUBES, 575.

## THE REPROOF

If fast in the pillory collared you lock  
him,

In spite of your small aberration, once  
more

The affair will bring luck to the State, as  
before.

## ΑΙΣΧΥΛΟΣ

ΧΟ. καὶ τίς τόδ' ἐξίκοιτ' ἂν ἀγγέλων  
τάχος;

ΚΛ. Ἦφαιστος, Ἰδῆς λαμπρὸν ἐκπέμπων  
σέλας.

φρυκτὸς δὲ φρυκτὸν δεῦρ' ἀπ' ἀγγάρου  
πυρὸς

ἔπεμπεν. Ἰδῆ μὲν πρὸς Ἑρμαῖον  
λέπας

Λήμνου· μέγαν δὲ πανὸν ἐκ νήσου  
τρίτον

Ἄθων αἶπος Ζηνὸς ἐξεδέξατο  
ὑπερτελής τε (πόντον ὥστε νωτίσαι,  
ἰσχὺς πορευτοῦ λαμπάδος πρὸς ἠδο-  
νήν)

## THE BEACON-RACE

CH. Yea? But what messenger could speed  
so fast?

CLYT. The Fire-god, flaming bright on Ida's  
crest ;

Beacon to beacon flashed the courier-  
blaze—

Ida to Hermes' Crag in Lemnos isle :  
And the great island bonfire, Athos Point  
The mount of Zeus the third in order  
caught,

And, towering high to skim the watery  
waste

It fed the speeding glare with joyous  
strength—

ΑΙΣΧΥΛΟΣ

πεύκη, τὸ χρυσοφεγγές ὡς τις ἥλιος  
 σέλας παραγγείλασα Μακίστου σκοπᾶς·  
 ὃ δ' οὔτι μέλλων οὐδ' ἀφρασμόνως ὕπνω  
 νικώμενος παρήκεν ἀγγέλου μέρος·  
 ἐκάς δὲ φρυκτοῦ φῶς ἐπ' Εὐρίπου  
 ῥοὰς

Μεσσαπίου φύλαξι σημαίνει μολόν.  
 οἱ δ' ἀντέλαμψαν καὶ παρήγγειλαν  
 πρόσω

γραίας ἐρείκης θωμὸν ἄψαντες πυρί.  
 σθένουσα λαμπὰς δ' οὐδέπω μαυρου-  
 μένη

ὑπερθοροῦσα πεδῖον Ἀσωποῦ, δίκην  
 φαιδρᾶς σελήνης, πρὸς Κιθαιρῶνος λέ-  
 πτας

ἤγειρεν ἄλλην ἐκδοχὴν πομποῦ πυρός.  
 φάος δὲ τηλέπομπον οὐκ ἠναίνετο  
 φρουρά, πλέον καίουσα τῶν εἰρημένων·  
 λίμνην δ' ὑπὲρ Γοργῶπιν ἔσκηψεν  
 φάος·

## THE BEACON-RACE

A shining brand, that tossed the golden  
beam

Sun-like to a watcher on Macistus height.  
Nor tarried he, nor failed to play his part  
Of messenger, o'ercome by heedless sleep.  
To far Euripus' streams the beacon light  
Shot with its signal to Messapius' guards :  
Their answering fire still flashed the tidings  
on,

Who set the high-piled heather sere ablaze ;  
The mighty torch, unflagging, leaped the  
plain

Of far Asopus, like a gleaming moon,  
On to Cithaeron's rock, and roused once  
more

A fresh successor of the news-fraught flare.  
Nor did the watch their herald-flame deny,  
But more than bidden heaped the warning  
glow.

Across the mere Gorgopis flashed the light,

ΑΙΣΧΥΛΟΣ

ὄρος τ' ἐπ' Αἰγίπλαγκτον ἐξικνούμενον  
ἄτρυνε θεσμόν μὴ χαρίζεσθαι πυρός.  
πέμπουσι δ' ἀνδαιόντες ἀφθόνῳ μένει  
φλογὸς μέγαν πώγωνα, καὶ Σαρωνικοῦ  
πορθμοῦ κάτοπτον πρῶν' ὑπερβάλλειν  
πρόσω

φλέγουσαν· εἴτ' ἔσκηψεν, εἴτ' ἀφίκετο  
'Αραχναῖον αἶπος, ἀστυγείτονας σκο-  
πᾶς·

κάπειτ' Ἀτρείδων ἐς τό γε σκήπτει  
στέγος

φάος τόδ' οὐκ ἄπαππον Ἰδαίου πυρός.  
τοιοῖδε τοί μοι λαμπαδηφόρων νόμοι,  
ἄλλος παρ' ἄλλου διαδοχαῖς πληρού-  
μενοι·

νικᾷ δ' ὁ πρῶτος καὶ τελευταῖος δρα-  
μῶν.

τέκμαρ τοιοῦτον συμβολόν τέ σοι λέγω  
ἀνδρὸς παραγγείλαντος ἐκ Τροίας ἐμοί.

AGAMEMNON, 292.



## THE BEACON-RACE

Reached Aegiplanctus, stirred them rous-  
ingly

In nowise to neglect the fires ordained.

They kindle and send on with strength  
undimmed

A giant beard of blaze, whose beams o'er-  
leaped

The cliff that frowns on the Saronic strait.  
Then, then, it darted, then at length  
attained

Arachne's crag, the post hard by our town :  
So lighted last here on our royal roof

The fiery heir of Ida's flame begot.

Such was the ordering of my torch-bearers,  
Making the course complete, each after each ;  
And the first wins, though hindmost in the  
race.

Such token and such sign to you I tell,  
As such to me my lord hath sent from Troy.

P. VERGILIUS MARO

TENE, inquit, miserande puer, cum laeta  
ueniret,  
inuidit Fortuna mihi, ne regna uideres  
nostra, neque ad sedes uictor ueherere  
paternas?  
non haec Euandro de te promissa parenti  
discedens dederam ; cum me complexus  
euntem  
mitteret in magnum imperium, metu-  
ensque moneret  
acres esse uiros, cum dura proelia gente.  
At nunc ille quidem spe multum captus  
inani  
fors et uota facit, cumulatque altaria  
donis :

## PALLAS DEAD

'AH, luckless youth! when Fortune came in glee,  
Was it to grudge me thee, that thou shouldst  
ne'er

Behold my kingship, nor in victory

Triumphant to thy father's halls repair?

Not this the parting promise that I swear  
To Evander thy old sire, when he embraced me,  
With anxious warnings, how the foe that faced  
me

'Is fierce, and stern the race with whom I cope;  
So sent me forth to win wide empery.

He sorely now beguiled with empty hope

Perchance makes offering, piles the altars high  
With many a gift; while we right mournfully

P. VERGILIUS MARO

nos iuuenem exanimum, et nil iam  
caelestibus ullis

debentem uano maesti comitamur  
honore.

Infelix, nati funus crudele uidebis.

Hi nostri reditus, expectatque triumphus?

Haec mea magna fides? At non Euandre  
pudendis

uulneribus pulsum aspicias, nec sospite  
dirum

optabis nato funus pater. Hei mihi,  
quantum

praesidium Ausonia, et quantum tu  
perdis, Iule.

Haec ubi defleuit, tolli miserabile  
corpus

imperat, et toto lectos ex agmine mittit  
mille uiros, qui supremum comitentur  
honorem

intersintque patris lacrimis, solatia  
luctus

PALLAS DEAD

With honours vain his lifeless son escort,  
His debt discharged to all the heavenly court.

‘Thou shalt but see thy son’s most cruel lot.  
Is this our coming? this the victor’s prize?  
This my high troth? But not, Evander, not  
Stricken with shameful wounds he meets thine  
eyes,  
Nor for a sterner doom the father cries,  
The son unharmed. How dear a guard is gone  
For thee, Ausonia, and for thee, my son!’

With tears Aeneas ended : then commands  
To be uplifted high the lifeless frame ;  
Picked from the hosts he sends the chosen bands,  
A thousand warriors : who to guard him came,  
And pay the last sad honours to his name,  
And share the father’s tears—a scant relief  
To that sad father due, for boundless grief.

P. VERGILIVS MARO

exigua ingentis, misero sed debita patri.  
Haud segnes alii crates et molle feretrum  
arbuteis texunt uirgis et uimine querno,  
extractosque toros obtentu frondis inum-  
brant.

Hic iuuenem agresti sublimem stramine  
ponunt :

qualem uirgineo demissum pollice florem,  
seu mollis uiolae, seu languentis hya-  
cinthi,

cui neque fulgor adhuc, nec iam sua  
forma recessit :

non iam mater alit tellus, uiresque mini-  
strat.

AENEID, xi. 42

## PALLAS DEAD

Some with swift hands a wicker frame enlace,

A pliant litter, of the saplings twined

Of arbutus and shoots of oak : and place

O'ershadowing leaves ; whose verdure all  
enshrined

The funeral bed thus cunningly designed.

Then on the couch in woodland guise arrayed

On high the corse of that sweet youth is laid.

Even such he seemed, as some fair flower that  
fell

By maiden fingers plucked and laid full low,

Some tender violet, or some drooping bell

Of the blue hyacinth ; the living glow

Still lingers—still the delicate grace ye know.

No more the earth her child may feed with dew,

Nor that young life that filled its veins renew.

## ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

πολλάκις γ' ἡμῖν ἔδοξεν ἡ πόλις πεπον-  
θέναι  
ταυτὸν ἔς τε τῶν πολιτῶν τοὺς καλοὺς τε  
καγαθοὺς  
ἔς τε τὰρχαῖον νόμισμα καὶ τὸ καινὸν  
χρυσίον.  
οἷτε γὰρ τούτοισιν οὖσιν οὐ κεκιβδηλευ-  
μένοις,  
ἀλλὰ καλλίστοις ἀπάντων, αἷς δοκεῖ, νομισ-  
μάτων,  
καὶ μόνοις ὀρθῶς κοπεῖσι καὶ κεκωδωνισ-  
μένοις  
ἐν τε τοῖς Ἑλλησι καὶ τοῖς βαρβάροισι  
πανταχοῦ,



## COUNTERFEIT COINS

NOW the thought has often struck me that  
our conduct is the same

In the matter of our citizens who bear an  
honoured name,

As in dealing with the coins of olden  
mintage and the new.

These, which no alloy debases, coins with-  
out a peer—it's true—

None so perfect in the cutting, none like  
these that ring so sound,

Search through all the lands of Hellas, all  
the strangers' realms around—

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

χρώμεθ' οὐδέν, ἀλλὰ τούτοις τοῖς πονηροῖς  
 χαλκίοις  
 χθές τε καὶ πρόην κοπεῖσι τᾷ κακίστῳ  
 κόμματι,  
 τῶν πολιτῶν θ' οὓς μὲν ἴσμεν εὐγενεῖς καὶ  
 σώφρονας  
 ἄνδρας ὄντας καὶ δικαίους καὶ καλοὺς τε  
 κάγαθούς,  
 καὶ τραφέντας ἐν παλαίστραις καὶ χοροῖς  
 καὶ μουσικῇ,  
 προυσελοῦμεν, τοῖς δὲ χαλκοῖς καὶ ξένοις  
 καὶ πυρρῆαις  
 καὶ πονηροῖς καὶ πονηρῶν εἰς ἅπαντα  
 χρώμεθα  
 ὑστάτοις ἀφιγμένοισιν, οἷσιν ἢ πύλις πρὸ  
 τοῦ  
 οὐδέ φαρμακοῖσιν εἰκῆ ῥαδίως ἐχρήσατ'  
 ἄν.  
 ἀλλὰ καὶ νῦν, ὠνόητοι, μεταβαλόντες τοὺς  
 τρόπους,

## COUNTERFEIT COINS

These we never use, preferring the atrocious  
brassy crew  
Cut just now or t'other morning—cut so  
very vilely, too !  
So whene'er we know a citizen is nobly  
born and sensible,  
A man of truth and honour trained in  
sports and arts and graces,  
We insult him, and some foreign scamp,  
some brazen slave ostensible,  
Some blackguard born of blackguard stock,  
we plant in all the ' places ' :  
All the very last arrivals we'd have felt  
some hesitation  
Long ago in even sacrificing rashly for the  
nation.  
Come, e'en now, you'd best reform, my  
foolish friends, and change your ways,  
Use again the useful folks. If you succeed,  
it's only just ;

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

χρῆσθε τοῖς χρηστοῖσιν αἴθις· καὶ κατ-  
ορθώσασι γὰρ  
εὐλογον· κἄν τι σφαλῆτ', ἐξ ἀξίου γοῖν  
τοῦ ξύλου,  
ἦν τι καὶ πάσχητε, πάσχειν τοῖς σοφοῖς  
δοκίσετε.

RANAE, 718.

## COUNTERFEIT COINS

And if still you fail and come to grief, yet  
every wise man says  
You've a gallows worth the hanging from,  
at least, if hang you must!

## ΕΥΡΥΠΙΔΗΣ

ΑΔ. φίλοι, γυναικὸς δαίμον' εὐτυχέστερον  
τοῦμοῦ νομίζω, καίπερ οὐ δοκοῦνθ' ὅμως·  
τῆς μὲν γὰρ οὐδὲν ἄλγος ἄψεται ποτε  
πολλῶν δὲ μόχθων εὐκλεῆς ἐπαύσατο.  
ἐγὼ δ' ὄν οὐ χρεὴν ζῆν, παρὲς τὸ μόρσι-  
μον

λυπρὸν διάζω βίοτον· ἄρτι μανθάνω.  
πῶς γὰρ δόμων τῶνδ' εἰσόδους ἀνέξομαι;  
τίν' ἂν προσειπὼν, τοῦ δὲ προσρηθῆεις ὑπο,  
τερπνῆς τύχοιμ' ἂν εἰσόδου; ποῖ τρέψο-  
μαι;

ἦ μὲν γὰρ ἔνδον ἐξελᾶ μ' ἐρημία,  
γυναικὸς εὐνας εὔτ' ἂν εἰσίδω κενὰς  
θρόνους τ' ἐν οἴσιν ἴξε, καὶ κατὰ στέγας

## ADMETUS

AH, friends, I hold my wife's the happier lot,  
Happier than mine, for all it seems not so.  
Her shall no pain touch any more ; the praise  
Is hers, who found release from many a grief.  
But I, who should not live, gave fate the slip,  
And must to the end drag out a dreary life.  
I see it now ; it breaks upon me now.  
How shall I bear home-coming—to this home ?  
Whom shall I greet, or who will greet me back,  
To cheer that coming home? Where shall I  
turn ?

Indoors, the desolateness will drive me forth,  
Whene'er I look upon her empty couch,  
Her empty chair where she was wont to sit,  
The dusty floors that lack her woman's care ;

ΕΥΡΥΠΙΔΗΣ

αὐχμηρὸν οὐδας, τέκνα δ' ἀμφὶ γούνασι  
πίπτοντα κλαίῃ μητέρ', οἱ δὲ δεσπότην  
στένωσιν οἶαν ἐκ δόμων ἀπώλεσαν.

τὰ μὲν κατ' οἴκους τοιάδ' ἐξώθεν

δέ με

γάμοι τ' ἐλῶσι Θεσσαλῶν καὶ ξύλλογοι  
γυναικοπληθεῖς· οὐ γὰρ ἐξανέξομαι  
λεύσσω δάμαρτος τῆς ἐμῆς ὀμύλικας.  
ἐρεῖ δέ μ' ὅστις ἐχθρὸς ὦν κυρεῖ τάδε·  
ἰδοῦ τὸν αἰσχυρᾶς ζωνθ', ὅς οὐκ ἔτλη

θανεῖν,

ἀλλ' ἦν ἐγήμεν ἀντιδοὺς ἀψυχία  
πέφευγεν Ἄιδην· κατ' ἀνὴρ εἶναι δοκεῖ·  
στυγεῖ δὲ τοὺς τεκόντας, αὐτὸς οἱ

θέλων

θανεῖν. τοιάνδε πρὸς κακοῖσι κληδόνα  
ἔξω. τί μοι ζῆν δῆτα κύδιον, φίλοι,  
κακῶς κλύοντι καὶ κακῶς πεπραγότι;

ALCESTIS, 935.



## ADMETUS

Whene'er the children cling about my knees,  
Sobbing out 'Mother! mother!' and the folk  
Bewail the wise sweet mistress they have lost.  
So will it be within : and out of doors,  
The people's wedding feasts, the gatherings  
Where women throng, will drive me thence again.  
For never shall I dare to see the face  
Of dames whose years were matched with hers,  
    my wife's.

And every man that bears me hard will say,  
'Lo there! the wretch whose life is a reproach,  
Who dared not die, but, for his coward soul,  
Yielded his wedded wife in his own stead,  
So balked his doom ! And count you this a man?  
He hates his very parents, for his dread  
Of his own dying.' Other ills beside,  
This is the vile repute that must be mine.  
How then is life for me more enviable  
With darkened name and fame, and darkened  
    days?

Q. HORATIVS FLACCVS

NON ebur neque aureum  
mea renidet in domo lacunar,  
non trabes Hymettiae  
premunt columnas ultima re-  
cisas

Africa, neque Attali  
ignotus heres regiam occupauit,  
nec Laconicas mihi  
trahunt honestae purpuras cli-  
entae.

At fides et ingeni  
benigna uena est, pauperemque  
diues  
me petit ; nihil supra

## THE VANITY OF RICHES

GOLDEN ceilings, ivory fine,  
Do not grace this home of mine ;  
Marbles from Hymettus brought  
Press not upon pillars wrought  
Out of Afric's quarries far :  
Not for me the splendours are  
Of halls for Attalus erected  
(Proved an heir all unsuspected !)  
No good spinners for me ply  
Threads Laconian purples dye.  
Loyal heart and kindly wit  
To rich guests a welcome fit  
Yield, tho' I the host be poor.  
Nothing ampler I implore

Q. HORATIVVS FLACCVS

deos lacesso nec potentem  
amicum

largiora flagito  
satis beatus unicus Sabinis.

Truditur dies die  
nouaeque pergunt interire  
lunae.

Tu secanda marmora  
locas sub ipsum funus et  
sepulcri

immemor struis domos,  
marisque Baiis obstrepentis  
urgues

summouere litora,  
parum locuples continente ripa.  
Quid quod usque proximos  
reuellis agri terminos et ultra  
limites clientium

salis auarus? Pellitur pater-  
nos

## THE VANITY OF RICHES

Of the gods, importunate ;  
Nor from friendship with the great  
Seek to win a richer prize :  
Since my Sabine farm supplies  
Bliss enough for all my needs.  
Day to fleeting day succeeds ;  
Still the new moons wax and wane  
Till their light is gone again.  
You contract for marbled floors—  
Death is knocking at your doors.  
Thoughtless of your tomb, you pile  
Palaces, and strive awhile  
To extend your barriered shore  
Where the seas of Baiae roar,  
Since the beach that bounds the waves  
Fails of what your lacking craves.  
Nay, you pluck the landmarks out  
Of the neighbouring fields about ;  
Skip the clients' borders o'er,  
Lightly—yearning yet for more.

Q. HORATIVVS FLACCVS

in sinu ferens deos  
et uxor et uir sordidosque  
natos.

Nulla certior tamen  
rapacis Orci fine destinata  
aula diuitem manet  
erum. Quid ultra tendis?

Aequa tellus  
pauperi recluditur  
regumque pueris, nec satelles  
Orci

callidum Promethea  
reuexit auro captus. Hic  
superbum

Tantalum atque Tantali  
genus coercet, hic leuare  
functum

pauperem laboribus  
uocatus atque non uocatus  
audit.

ODES, ii. 18

## THE VANITY OF RICHES

Wife and husband forth are thrust ;  
In their arms they carry just  
Gods their fathers honoured aye,  
And their babes—to poverty.  
Yet, though rich the owner be,  
Ne'er a house so certainly  
Waits him as the one decreed  
By devouring Orcus' meed.  
Would you pass the limit set ?  
Prince and pauper, equal yet  
Is the space for each prepared :  
Nor by golden bribes ensnared  
Did His ferryman restore  
Over-wise Prometheus o'er.  
Tantalus, for all his pride,  
Him and all his race beside  
He constraineth ; and 'tis He  
Hears the poor man's litany  
Craving rest from toil and tears—  
Called or no, 'tis Orcus hears.

## ΕΤΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ

ὅταν δὲ βορέας χιόνα Θρήκιος χέη,  
δύραιοι θηρῶν σῶμα περιβαλὼν ἔμον,  
καὶ πῦρ ἀνάιθων, χιόνος οὐδέν μοι  
μέλει.

ἢ γῆ δ' ἀνάγκη κἂν θέλῃ κἂν μὴ  
θέλῃ

τίκτουσα ποίαν τὰμὰ παίνει βοτά.  
ἀγὰρ οὔτινι θύω πλὴν ἐμοί, θεοῖσι δ'  
οὐ,

καὶ τῇ μεγίστῃ γαστρὶ τῆδε δαιμόνων.  
ὡς τοῦμπιεῖν γε καὶ φαγεῖν τοῦφ'  
ἡμέραν,

Ζεῦς οὗτος ἀνθρώποισι τοῖσι σῶφροσι,



## THE CYCLOPEAN PHILOSOPHY

WHEN the North wind from Thrace brings  
the snows up,  
In the skins of wild beasts I wrap close up,  
Poke the fire well, and care not a stiver  
For the storm. And the Earth must be giver  
Willy-nilly of plentiful grazing  
To fatten the cattle I'm raising.  
To myself I pay sacrifice solely,  
Not to one of your gods—no such folly—  
And my belly, the best (as you see it is)  
And biggest of all the deities.  
To eat all the day, and to tipple,  
That's Zeus to all sensible people ;

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ

λυπεῖν δὲ μηδὲν αὐτόν· οἳ δὲ τοῖς νόμοις  
ἔθεντο, ποικίλλοντες ἀνθρώπων βίον,  
κλαίειν ἄνωγα· τὴν δ' ἐμήν ψυχὴν ἐγὼ  
οἳ παίσομαι δρῶν εἴ κατεσθίων τε σέ.

CYCLOPS, 329.

## THE CYCLOPEAN PHILOSOPHY

And never let anything vex you.  
The folk that make laws, and perplex you  
With making a man's life a pother—  
Be hanged to their meddling and bother.  
For myself, I'll continue to treat you  
As best suits myself—and to eat you.

## ΕΤΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ

ΜΑ. ὦ χαῖρε, πρέσβυ, χαῖρε, καὶ διδάσκει μοι  
τοιούσδε τούσδε παῖδας, ἐς τὸ πᾶν σοφοὺς,  
ὡσπερ σύ· μηδὲν μᾶλλον· ἀρκέσουσι γάρ.  
πειρῶ δὲ σῶσαι μὴ θανεῖν πρόθυμος ὢν·  
σοὶ παῖδές ἐσμεν· σαῖν χεροῖν τεθράμ-  
μεθα.

ὄρξες δὲ κάμει τὴν ἐμὴν ὥραν γάμου  
δίδουσαν ἀντὶ τῶνδε κατθανουμένην.  
ὕμεῖς τ' ἀδελφῶν ἢ παροῦσ' ὁμιλία  
εὐδαιμονοῖτε, καὶ γένοιθ' ὑμῖν ὄσων  
ἢ μὴ πάροιθεν καρδία σφαλήσεται.  
καὶ τὸν γέροντα τὴν τ' ἔσω γραῖαν  
δόμων

## THE SACRIFICE

FAREWELL, old friend, farewell. For these my  
brothers,

Train them for my sake like thyself, in all  
Wise, as thou art ; no more ; sufficeth so.  
Strive to deliver them from death, kind heart—  
Thy children are we, nurselings of thy hands.  
I too, thou seest, can give my bridal bloom  
For them, for their sakes shall go forth to die.

And you, my band of brothers, round me now,  
All happiness be yours, yours all the bliss  
Whereof too soon my heart shall be bereft.  
Honour this aged man beside ; and her  
The old dame within, Alcmena, she that bore

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ

τιμᾶτε, πατρός μητέρ' Ἀλκμήνην ἔμοῦ  
 ξένους τε τούσδε. καὶ ἀπαλλαγῆ πόνων  
 καὶ νόστος ὑμῖν εὐρεθῆ ποτ' ἐκ θεῶν,  
 μέμνησθε τὴν σώτειραν, ὡς θάψαι χρεῖν·  
 κάλλιστά τοι δίκαιον· οὐ γὰρ ἐνδεῆς  
 ὑμῖν παρέστην, ἀλλὰ προύθανον γένους.  
 τὰδ' ἀντὶ παίδων ἐστὶ μοι κειμήλια  
 καὶ παρθενείας, εἴ τι δὲ κατὰ χθονός·  
 εἴη γε μέντοι μηδέν· εἰ γὰρ ἔξομεν  
 κάκει μερίμνας οἱ θανούμενοι βροτῶν,  
 οὐκ οἶδ' ὅποι τις τρέψεται· τὸ γὰρ θανεῖν  
 κακῶν μέγιστον φάρμακον νομίζεται.

HERACLIDAE, 574.

## THE SACRIFICE

Our sire ; and these kind hosts : and if release  
Come from your griefs, and if the gods at length  
Restore you home—ah, then, remember me  
Your saviour, that 'twere meet you bury me,  
Bury me nobly. For I failed you not,  
But for my kinsfolk yielded up my life.  
For hope of babes, for flower of maidenhood  
This treasure is mine—if any such, indeed,  
There be for us who pass beneath the sod :  
Seeing none there may be ; since if there, even  
    there,  
Still cares await us who are set to die—  
Ah ! whither shall we turn us then ? For Death  
We count of griefs the cure that cannot fail.

M. VALERIVS MARTIALIS

QUID tibi nobiscum est, ludi  
scelerate magister,  
inuisum pueris uirginibusque  
caput?

Nondum cristati rupere si-  
lencia galli ;  
murmure iam saeuo uerberi-  
busque tonas.

Tam graue percussis incudi-  
bus aera resultant,  
causidicum medio cum faber  
aptat equo.



## THE SCHOOLMASTER

OH, what have we to do with you,  
    You usher—woe betide you?  
The lads detest you, so they do,  
    The lasses can't abide you.

Before the ruddy-crested cocks  
    Have broke the morning silence,  
Your angry growls, your thumps and knocks,  
    The folk may hear a mile hence.

So rings the echoing metal with  
    The anvil's clangs and clamours,  
When on his steed of bronze the smith  
    Some lawyer's statue hammers.

M. VALERIVS MARTIALIS

Mitior in magno clamor furit  
amphitheatro,  
uincenti parmae cum sua  
turba fauet.

Vicini somnum non tota  
nocte rogamus ;  
nam uigilare leue est, perui-  
gilare graue.

Discipulos dimitte tuos ; uis,  
garrule, quantum  
accipis ut clames accipere ut  
taceas ?

ix. 69.

## THE SCHOOLMASTER

Not half so vile the row you hear  
At shows from each spectator,  
When howling crowds applaud some dear  
Victorious gladiator.

To let us sleep the livelong night  
Is more than we petition ;  
Merely to wake at times were slight—  
'Tis hard sans intermission.

So let them go, the girls and boys ;  
O man of endless spouting,  
D'you want as fee to hold your noise  
What now you're paid for shouting ?

## ΤΤΡΤΑΙΟΣ

Τεθνάμεναι γὰρ καλὸν ἐνὶ προμάχοισι  
πεσόντα

ἄνδρ' ἀγαθὸν περὶ ἧ πατρίδι μαρ-  
νάμενον.

τὴν δ' αὐτοῦ προλιπόντα πόλιν καὶ  
πίονας ἀγροὺς  
πτωχεύειν πάντων ἔστ' ἀνιηρότα-  
τον,

πλαζόμενον σὺν μητρὶ φίλῃ καὶ πατρὶ  
γέροντι  
παισὶ τε σὺν μικροῖς κουριδίῃ τ'  
ἀλόχῳ.

## DEATH OR VICTORY

OH, Death is only Glory  
When foremost in the fight  
The hero falls, a-battling  
For Fatherland and Right.  
But when he quits his fatherland,  
The fields where he was born,  
And turns himself to beggary,  
His lot is utter scorn.

His aged sire beside him,  
And she that gave him life,  
And all his little children  
And his tender wedded wife ;

ΤΥΡΤΑΙΟΣ

ἐχθρὸς μὲν γὰρ τοῖσι μετέσσειται, οὓς  
κεν ἴκηται  
χρημοσύνη εἰκων καὶ στυγερῇ  
πενίῃ,  
αἰσχύνει τε γένος, κατὰ δ' ἀγλαὸν  
εἶδος ἐλέγχει,  
παισὶ δ' ἀτιμίῃ καὶ κακότης ἔπεται.

εἰ δ' οὕτως ἀνδρὸς τοι ἀλωμένου οὐ-  
δεμί' ὄρη  
γίγνεται, οὔτ' αἰδῶς οὔτ' ὄπις οὔτ'  
ἔλεος,  
θυμῷ γῆς περὶ τῆσδε μαχώμεθα καὶ  
περὶ παίδων  
θνήσκωμεν ψυχῶν μηκετὶ φειδό-  
μενοι.

ὦ νέοι, ἀλλὰ μάχεσθε παρ' ἀλλήλοισι  
μένοντες

## DEATH OR VICTORY

Hateful is he to all men  
That meet him by the way,  
Who yields himself to poverty  
And sordid want a prey.  
He brings dishonour on his race,  
Belies the form he bears,  
And all contempt and vileness  
Are the portion of his heirs.

Since for the roving outcast  
No reverence is in truth,  
No least respect is granted,  
No courtesy nor ruth—  
Then march we forth high-hearted  
To battle for our land,  
And die to guard our children,  
With our life in our right hand.

So shoulder still to shoulder  
Let every gallant fight,

ΤΥΡΤΑΙΟΣ

μηδὲ φυγῆς αἰσχροῦς ἄρχετε, μηδὲ  
 φόβου,  
 ἀλλὰ μέγαν ποιεῖσθε καὶ ἄλκιμον ἐν  
 φρεσὶ θυμόν,  
 μηδὲ φιλοψυχεῖτ' ἀνδράσι μαρνά-  
 μενοι.

τούς δὲ παλαιότερους, ὧν οὐκέτι γού-  
 νατ' ἔλαφρά,  
 μὴ καταλείποντες φεύγετε, τοὺς  
 γεραιούς·  
 αἰσχροὺν γὰρ δὴ τοῦτο μετὰ προμά-  
 χουσι πεσόντα  
 κεῖσθαι πρόσθε νέων ἀνδρῶν παλαιό-  
 τερον,

ἤδη λευκὸν ἔχοντα κάρη πολιὸν τε  
 γένειον,  
 θυμὸν ἀποπνεῖοντ' ἄλκιμον ἐν κονίῃ  
 αἱματόεντ' αἰδοῖα φιλαῖς ἐν χεροῖν  
 ἔχοντα—



DEATH OR VICTORY

And never start a-croaking,  
And never head the flight.  
Rouse up great hearts and valiant,  
Nor care a jot for life  
When foeman faces foeman  
In the crash of mortal strife.

The men of ancient prowess,  
Whose limbs are stiff with years—  
Oh, never fly and leave them,  
A prey to coward fears.  
For shame it is to look on  
When foremost in the war  
The veteran falls a-dying,  
While the lads are fleeing far.

White-haired, grey-bearded, gasping out  
His brave heart on the ground,  
His bloody fingers writhing  
And clutching at the wound—

ΤΥΡΤΑΙΟΣ

αἰσχρὸν τ' ὀφθαλμοῖς καὶ νεμεσητὸν  
ιδεῖν—  
καὶ χροῖα γυμνωθέντα· νέοισι δὲ πάντ'  
ἐπέοικεν  
ὄφρ' ἐρατῆς ἤβης ἀγλαὸν ἀνθὸς  
ἔχη·  
ἀνδράσι μὲν θηητὸς ιδεῖν, ἐρατὸς δὲ  
γύναιξιν  
ζῶδες ἐών, καλὸς δ' ἐν προμάχοισι  
πεσών.

TYRTAEUS.

## DEATH OR VICTORY

Oh, sight of shame to gaze on,  
Of bitter wrath and pain—  
With limbs all stark and naked  
He lies upon the plain.

While glows the flower of lovely youth,  
The young its gifts may prize ;  
To be admired by eyes of men,  
Lovely in women's eyes  
While life shall last—till gloriously  
In front of fight he dies.

## P. VERGILIVS MARO

AT pater Aeneas, audito nomine Turni,  
deserit et muros, et summas deserit arces,  
praecipitatque moras omnes, opera omnia  
rumpit,  
laetitia exultans, horrendumque intonat  
armis :  
quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx, aut  
ipse coruscis  
cum fremit ilicibus quantus, gaudetque  
nivali  
uertice se attollens pater Apenninus  
ad auras.  
Iam uero et Rutuli certatim et Troes et  
omnes

## THE MEETING

FATHER Aeneas, hearing Turnus' name,  
Springs from the walls, springs from the  
lofty towers,

Starts every laggard into sudden haste,  
Breaks up each gang, in fierce exulting  
joy.

Horribly clang his arms—as Athos huge  
Or Eryx, or himself, the giant mount  
Murmurous with rustling of his holm-oaks,  
crowned

With snows atop, and joying in his crown,  
Old Apennine, who heaves his head to  
heaven.

Rutulians, Trojans, sons of Italy,

P. VERGILIVS MARO

conuertere oculos Itali, quique alta  
tenebant  
moenia, quique imos pulsabant ariete  
muros ;  
armaque deposuere humeris. Stupet  
ipse Latinus,  
ingentes genitos diuersis partibus  
orbis  
inter se coiisse uiros, et cernere ferro.

AENEID, xii. 697.

## THE MEETING

All stayed to stare in emulous amaze ;  
Who held the rampart, as who dashed the  
    ram  
Against its base, their weapons dropped to  
    ground.  
Astonied stood Latinus' self, to see  
Those men of might, born half the world  
    between,  
Crash in the stern arbitrament of steel.

## ΗΣΙΟΔΟΣ

Φράζεσθαι δ', εὔτ' ἄν γεράνου φων-  
ήν ἐπακούσης  
ὑψόθεν ἐκ νεφέων ἐνιαύσια κεκλη-  
γυίης,  
ἢ τ' ἀρότοιό τε σῆμα φέρει καὶ χεί-  
ματος ὄρην  
δεικνύει ὀμβρηροῦ, κραδίην δ' ἔδακ'  
ἄνδρὸς ἀβούτεω,  
δὴ τότε χορτάζειν ἔλικας βοῦς ἔνδον  
ἔόντας.  
ῥηίδιον γὰρ ἔπος εἰπεῖν· 'βόε δὸς  
καὶ ἄμαξαν.'  
ῥηίδιον δ' ἀπανήνασθαι· 'πάρα δ' ἔργα  
βόεσσιν.'



## THE FARMER'S TEXT

MARK you the day when the clang of the  
crane's shrill voice you shall hear,  
Crying aloft in the clouds, as he doth in the  
fall of the year,

Warning of earing-time, and the winter rains  
that are near :

Smiting the heart of the man who hath no oxen  
at all—

Mark it, and get you fodder for each horned ox  
in the stall.

Easy to say, 'Come, lend me a yoke and a  
waggon, I pray';

Easy to answer, 'No ; I have work for my oxen  
to-day.'

Η Σ Ι Ο Δ Ο Σ

φησὶ δ' ἀνὴρ φρένας ἀφνειὸς πῆξασ-  
 · θαι ἄμαζαν,  
 νύπιοσ' οὐδὲ τό γ' οἶδ'· ἑκατὸν δέ τε  
 δούρατ' ἀμάξης,  
 τῶν πρόσθεν μελέτην ἐχέμεν οἰκίηα  
 θέσθαι.  
 εὔτ' ἂν δὲ πρῶτιστ' ἄροτος θνη-  
 τοῖσι φανείη,  
 δὴ τότε ἐφορμηθῆναι ὁμῶς διμῶές τε  
 καὶ αὐτὸς  
 αὔην καὶ διερὴν ἀρόων ἀρότοιο καθ'  
 ὄρην,  
 πρῶτ' ἄλλα σπεύδων, ἵνα τοι πλήθωσιν  
 ἄρουραι.  
 ἔαρι πολεῖν· θέρεος δὲ νεωμένη οὔ σ'  
 ἀπατήσει.  
 νειὸν δὲ σπείρειν ἔτι κουφίζουσαν  
 ἄρουραν.  
 νειὸς ἀλεξιάρη, παίδων εὐκηλή-  
 τειρα.

## THE FARMER'S TEXT

Saith he, the rich in schemes, 'Go to, I can  
build me a wain'?

Ignorant fool, whose knowledge is nought and  
his fancying vain!

Pieces there be that go to the framing a wain  
five score:

See thou choose them betimes, and keep them  
ready in store.

Straight when the autumn comes, and the  
first of the ploughing is due,

Up and away, thyself and thy folk, while the  
season is new,

Ploughing the sandy soil as the loam, that the  
whole may be tilled,

Never an hour be lost, and so thy fields shall  
be filled.

Turn the soil in the spring, and when summer  
is come once more,

New ploughed land shall not fail, nor yield thee  
a niggardly store.

ΗΣΙΟΔΟΣ

εἴχασθαι δὲ Διὶ χθονίῳ Δημήτερι  
 θ' ἄγνῃ,  
 ἐκτελέα βρίθειν Δημήτερος ἱερὸν  
 ἀκτὴν,  
 ἀρχόμενος τὰ πρῶτ' ἀρότου, ὅτ' ἂν  
 ἄκρον ἐχέτλης  
 χειρὶ λαβὼν ὄρπηκα βοῶν ἐπὶ νῶτον  
 ἴκηαι  
 ἐνδρυον ἐλκόντων μεσάβων· ὃ δὲ  
 τυτθὸς ὄπισθε  
 δμῶος ἔχων μακέλην πόνον ὀρνίθεσσι  
 τιθείη  
 σπέρμα κατακρύπτων· εὐθημοσύνη  
 γὰρ ἀρίστη  
 θνητοῖς ἀνθρώποις κακοθημοσύνη δὲ  
 κακίστη.  
 ὦδέ κεν ἀδροσύνη στάχυες νεύοιεν  
 ἔραζε,  
 εἰ τέλος αὐτὸς ὄπισθεν Ὀλύμπιος  
 ἐσθλὸν ὀπάζοι,

## THE FARMER'S TEXT

New-ploughed land must be sown while the  
clods are broken and light ;

Safety from harm doth it bring, and thy little  
ones' quiet delight.

Pray to the Earth-lord Zeus, and the holy  
Mother entreat,

So to make heavy her glory, the full-ripe ears  
of the wheat.

Pray at the first of the ploughing, with hand on  
the plough-tail's point,

Goading the backs of the kine, while the yoke-  
thongs strain on the joint.

Armed with his hoe let the lad follow after thee,  
making a toil

Hard for the fowls of the air, as he covers the  
grain with the soil.

Carefulness most of all is a blessing to mortal  
men,

Carelessness most of all to mortal men is a  
bane.

ΗΣΙΟΔΟΣ

ἐκ δ' ἀγγέων ἐλάσειας ἀράχνια· καί  
σε ἔολπα  
γηθήσειν βιότου αἰρεύμενον ἔνδον  
ἔόντος.

WORKS AND DAYS, 448.

THE FARMER'S TEXT

Thus shall the ears bow down with their  
fatness nodding to earth,  
So the Olympian grant that the ending match  
with the birth,  
Thus from each vessel and jar thou wilt keep  
the spider-web clear ;  
Thus do I promise thee joy, partaking the  
garnered cheer.

Q. VALERIUS CATVLLVS

SUFFENUS iste, Vare, quem  
probe nosti,  
homo est uenustus et dicax et  
urbanus,  
idemque longe plurimos facit  
uersus.

Puto esse ego illi millia aut  
decem aut plura  
perscripta, nec sic ut fit in  
palimpseston  
relata; chartae regiae, noui  
libri,  
nouii umbelici, lora rubra,  
membrana



## THE POETASTER

FITZJENKYN—you know him, my  
Hobson, I know—

Is 'good form' as they say, and  
endowed with a flow

Of the best conversation—all cul-  
ture!—and then,

The number of verses that run off  
his pen!

I should think there are thousands  
some dozen or so ;

And he don't turn them out cheap  
and nasty—oh, no!

Small quarto—the last shape  
(which couldn't be bettered) ;

Q. VALERIUS CATVLLVS

directa plumbo, et pumice  
omnia aequata.

Haec cum legas tu, bellus ille  
et urbanus

Suffenus unus caprimulgus aut  
fossor

rursus uidetur: tantum ab-  
horret ac mutat.

Hoc quid putemus esse? qui  
modo scurra

aut si quid hac re tritius  
uidebatur,

idem infaceto est infacetior  
rure,

simul poemata attigit, neque  
idem unquam

aeque est beatus ac poema  
cum scribit:

tam gaudet in se, tamque se  
ipse miratur.

## THE POETASTER

The binding by Zaehnsdorf, in  
vellum, gold-lettered ;  
Handmade paper, of course, with  
gilt top and rough edges—  
But—Read his productions! A  
yokel, a clown,  
A professional trimmer of ditches  
and hedges  
Our elegant cultured Fitzjenkyn  
is grown.  
So changed, so—transmogrified!  
What have we here?  
Only now 'twas a wit—though  
that's hardly, I fear,  
A refined enough word. And no  
crude country spot  
Is so crude as this very same  
fellow, God wot,  
Once he gets to his verses—yet  
never you know him

Q. VALERIVS CATVLLVS

Nimirum idem omnes fallimur  
neque est quisquam  
quem non in aliqua re uidere  
Suffenum  
possis. Suus cuique attributus  
est error,  
sed non uidemus manticae  
quod in tergo est.

xxii

## THE POETASTER

So happy as while he is scribbling  
a poem.

He's so pleased and so proud of  
himself all along ;

And :—

MORAL.—No doubt we're all  
equally wrong,

There's no one you can't prove, in  
something or other,

A Fitzjenkyn ; we've each our pet  
folly, my brother,

And we don't find the beam in our  
own eye a bother !

## ΕΥΤΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ

Λαβὼν δ' ὑφάσμαθ' ἱρὰ θησαυροῦν  
παρὰ  
κατεσκίαζε, θαύματ' ἀνθρώποις ὄραϊν.  
πρῶτον μὲν ὀρόφῳ πτέρυγα περιβάλλει  
πέπλων,  
ἀνάθημα Δίου παῖδος οὐς Ἡρακλέης  
'Αμαζόνων σκυλεύματ' ἤνεγκεν θεῶ.  
ἐνῆν δ' ὑφανταὶ γράμμασιν τοιαίδ'  
ὑφαί·  
Οὐρανὸς ἀθροίζων ἄστρ' ἐν αἰθέρος  
κύκλῳ·  
ἵππους μὲν ἤλαυν' ἐς τελευταίαν φλόγα  
'Ἡλιος, ἐφέλκων λαμπρὸν Ἑσπέρου  
φάος.  
μελάμπεπλος δὲ Νύξ ἀσείρωτον ζυγοῖς  
ὄχημ' ἐπαλλεν· ἄστρα δ' ὠμάρτει θεῶ.

## TAPESTRIES

FORTH of the store he drew the woven robes,  
And spread them over, marvellous to view.  
First, on the roof, like to a sheltering wing  
He laid the tapestries, the treasure rare  
Of the son of Zeus: the same that Herakles  
Brought for the god, spoils of the Amazons.  
There was that web, so with devices woven  
As I shall tell you. Uranus was there,  
Mustering the stars in the wide arch of heaven.  
There Helios urged his steeds to where their  
    flame  
Fades: trailing after him the glow of Eve:  
And Night, mirk-shrouded, drave her swaying  
    car—  
No traces hold her steeds, but yokes alone—  
And star on star circled the goddess round.

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ

Πλειὰς μὲν ἦει μεσοπόρου δι' αἰθέρος,  
 ὃ τε ξιφήρης Ὀρίων· ὕπερθε δὲ  
 Ἄρκτος στρέφουσ' οὐραῖα χρυσήρει  
 πύλω.

κύκλος δὲ πανσελῆνος ἠμόντιζ' ἄνω  
 μηνὸς διχήρης, Ἐάδες τε ναυτίλοις  
 σαφέστατον σημεῖον, ἣ τε φωσφόρος  
 Ἐως διώκουσ' ἄστρα. τοίχοισιν δ'  
 ἐπι

ἤμπισχεν ἄλλα βαρβάρων ὑφάσματα,  
 εὐηρέτους ναῦς ἀντίας Ἑλληνίσιν,  
 καὶ μιξόθηρας φῶτας, ἰππείας τ' ἄγ-  
 ρας

ἐλάφων λεόντων τ' ἀγρίων θηράματα.

ION, 1141.



## T A P E S T R I E S

Through the mid-heaven a Pleiad sped her  
flight,

And sword in hand Orion hurled ; the Bear  
Her quarters wheeled above in the golden sky.  
On high the orb'd moon darted her beams,  
Full circle at the parting of the month.

There were the Hyades, that sailors know  
Their surest sign ; and there the Morning rose  
Herald of light, chasing the stars away.

And on the walls more tapestries he hung,  
Wrought by the cunning of the foreign folk :  
Galleys, the foes of Hellas, driven with oars ;  
And monstrous things, half-woman and half-  
beast ;

The mounted hunters of the stag ; the chase  
Of lions fell.

M. VALERIUS MARTIALIS

EDICTUM domini deique nostri,  
quo subsellia certiora fiunt,  
et pueros eques ordines recepit,  
dum laudat modo Phasis in theatro,  
Phasis purpureis rubens lacernis,  
et iactat tumido superbus ore :

Tandem commodius licet sedere,  
nunc est reddita dignitas equestris ;  
turba non premimur nec inquinamur ;

Haec et talia dum refert supinus,  
illas purpureas et arrogantes  
iussit surgere Leitus lacernas.

v. 8.

## THE SNOB

LO, in the stalls our Phasis lounged to see,  
And praised our lord and master's new decree  
Reserving seats more strictly, so that knights  
Find no mere snobs encroaching on their rights.  
Phasis, resplendent in a scarlet cloak,  
These swelling words with lofty accents spoke :

‘ At last a gentleman at ease may sit ;  
Once more our knightly rank finds deference fit :  
The Great Unwashed no longer jostle Us.’

E'en while at length outsprawled he mouthed it  
thus,  
That flaunting scarlet Leitus espies,  
And to those splendours, ‘ Come, turn out ! ’ he  
cries.

## ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

Ἄενοι Νεφέλαι

ἀρθρωμένον φανεραὶ δροσερὰν φύσιν

εὐάγητον,

πατρὸς ἀπ' Ὀκεανοῦ βαρυαχέος

ὑψηλῶν ὄρέων κορυφὰς ἐπι

δενδροκόμους, ἵνα

τηλεφανεῖς σκοπιὰς ἀφορώμεθα,

καρπούς δ' ἀρδομένην ἱερὰν χθόνα,

καὶ ποταμῶν ζαθέων κελαδήματα,

καὶ πόντον κελάδοντα βαρύβρομον·

ὄμμα γὰρ αἰθέρος ἀκάματον σελα-

γεῖται

μαρμαρέαις ἐν αὐγαῖς.

## THE CLOUDS

CLOUDS ever-fleeting are we,  
And we rise into light  
In our dewy forms bright  
From the arms of our father, the thunderous sea,  
From the deep-voiced Sea,  
To the towering mountain's tree-plumed crest,  
Where on far-seen summits our sight may rest;  
And we look on the holy soil  
Whose moisture ripens her fruitful store,  
And the sacred streams with their wild turmoil,  
And the loud sea's roar.  
For the eye of the sky never tires  
As it beams with its twinkling fires.

ΑΡΙΣΤΟΦΑΝΗΣ

ἀλλ' ἀποσεισάμεναι νέφος ὄμβριον  
ἀθανάτας ιδέας, ἐπιδώμεθα  
τηλεσκόπῳ ὄμματι γαῖαν.

NUBES, 275.

## THE CLOUDS

But come, let us shiver aside  
From our forms that never shall die  
The showery mists that around us abide,  
And gaze over earth with a far-seeing eye.

## ΕΤΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ

Μακρὰν ἂν ἐξέτεινα τοῖς δ' ἐναντία  
λόγοισιν, εἰ μὴ Ζεὺς πατὴρ ἠπίστατο  
οἷ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ πέπονθας οἶα τ' εἰργάσω.  
σὶ δ' οὐκ ἔμελλες τᾶμ' ἀτιμάσας λέχη  
τερπνὸν διάξειν βίοτον ἐγγελοῦν ἐμοῖ,  
οὐθ' ἦ τύραννος, οὐθ' ὁ σοὶ προσθεῖς  
γάμους

Κρέων ἀνατὶ τῆσδέ μ' ἐκβαλεῖν χθονός.  
πρὸς ταῦτα, καὶ λέαιναν εἰ βούλει,  
κάλει,  
καὶ Σκύλλαν, ἣ Τυρσηνὸν ὤκησεν  
πέδον,  
τῆς σῆς γὰρ ὡς χρῆν καρδίας ἀνθη-  
ψόμην.

MEDEA, 1351.



## A WOMAN SCORNED

AT wordy length I might have met thy  
words.

But God he knoweth all that I have wrought  
For thee,—and all that thou hast wrought by  
me.

My couch dishonoured, little hope for thee  
To pass in scorn of me the careless days ;  
Thee nor thy queen ; nor that ill match-  
maker

Creon, to cast me out nor suffer harm.

So, call me tigress, Scylla, if thou wilt,

[Scylla that dwelt upon the Tyrrhene plain]

For my gripe wrung thy heart-strings ;  
fittingly.

M. VALERIVS MARTIALIS

CUM rogo te nummos sine pignore,  
non habes inquis,  
idem si pro me spondet agellus  
habes.

Quod mihi non credis ueteri Telesine  
sodali,  
credis colliculis arboribusque meis.  
Ecce reum Carus te detulit; adsit  
agellus.

Exsilii comitem quaeris? agellus  
eat.

xii. 25.

## THE FRIEND

YOU'D nothing, when on just my note of hand  
I asked a loan ;

You've plenty, for a mortgage on the little farm  
I own.

What, Mr. Smith ! no credit for your chum of  
bygone years,

But credit for his cabbages and timber, it  
appears.

What's this ? run in ? oh, get that Farm to see  
you through—not me.

Need—'change of air' ? Well, take that Farm  
along for company,

## ΕΤΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ

Ναῦς δ' ἔως μὲν ἐντὸς ἦν  
λιμένος, ἐχώρει, στομίχ διαπερῶσα δὲ  
χάβρω κλύδωνι συμπεσοῦσ' ἠπείγετο.  
δεινὸς γὰρ ἐλθὼν ἄνεμος ἐξάιφνης νεὼς  
ᾤθει πάλιν πρυμνήσι· οἱ δ' ἐκαρτέρουν  
πρὸς κῦμα λακτίζοντες· ἐς γῆν δ' ἔμπαλιν  
κλύδων παλίρρους ἦγε ναῦν. σταθεῖσα δὲ  
'Αγαμέμνωνος παῖς ἠΰξατ', ὦ Λητοῦς κόρη  
σῶσόν με, τὴν σὴν ἱερίαν, πρὸς Ἑλλάδα  
ἐκ βαρβάρου γῆς, καὶ κλοπαῖς σύγγνωθ' ἑμαῖς.  
φιλεῖς δὲ καὶ σὺ σὸν κασίγνητον, θεά,  
φιλεῖν δε κάμε τοὺς ὀμαιμόνους δοκεῖ.  
ναῦται δ' ἐπευφήμησαν εὐχαῖσιν κόρης

## THE FLIGHT

Now while within the harbour bounds, the ship  
Sped steadily ; but as she passed the bar  
She met a mighty billow, and was driven ;  
For there a furious squall burst suddenly,  
That hurled her hard astern. Howbeit, the crew  
Strove stoutly, in hot struggle with the surge.  
A second time back-swirling toward the shore  
The wave swept. Then did Agamemnon's child  
Stand up and pray : ' O Maid, of Leto born !  
Save me, thy priestess, from the stranger's land,  
Restore me to my Hellas, and forgive  
That theft of mine. Thou, goddess, lovest thy  
brother—  
And shall not I love those that are mine own ?'  
And at the damsel's prayer, the sailors raised

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ

παιᾶνα, γυμνάς ἐκβαλόντες ὠλένας  
κώπη προσαρμόσαντες ἐκ κελεύσματος.  
μᾶλλον δὲ μᾶλλον πρὸς πέτρας ἦει σκάφος·  
χὼ μὲν τις ἐς θάλασσαν ὠρμήθη ποσίν,  
ἄλλος δὲ πλεκτὰς ἐξανήπτεν ἀγκύλας.  
κἀγὼ μὲν εὐθύς πρὸς σέ δεῦρ' ἀπεστάλην,  
σοὶ τὰς ἐκεῖθεν σημανῶν, ἀνάξ, τύχας.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS, 1391.

## THE FLIGHT

A cheer for Amen, clapping hands to the oar  
Bare from the shoulder, to the boatswain's pipe.  
But near and nearer drove she toward the rocks.  
Then one, feet foremost, leaped into the sea,  
And one upon a rope made fast a noose ;  
And I post-haste was hither sent to thee,  
To tell thee all, O king, that there befell.

## ΒΑΚΧΥΛΙΔΗΣ

τίκτει δέ τε θνατοῖσιν εἰράνα με-  
γάλα  
πλοῦτον καὶ μελιγλώσσων ἀοιδᾶν  
ἄνθεα,  
δαιδαλέων τ' ἐπὶ βωμῶν θεοῖσιν αἶ-  
θεσθαι βοῶν  
ξανθᾶ φλογὶ μῦρα τανυτρίχων τε  
μήλων,  
γυμνασίων τε νέοις αὐλῶν τε καὶ  
κώμων μέλειν.  
ἐν δὲ σιδαροδέτοις πόρπαξιν αἰθᾶν  
ἄραχνᾶν ἴστοι πέλονται·



## PEACE

OH, Peace is the mother of rich delight,  
For she brings us wealth, and the minstrels  
raise

The rare sweet notes of their honeyed lays ;  
And the altars brave of the gods are bright

With the yellow glow of the limbs aflare  
Of kine and of long haired goats and sheep ;  
And the lads are free to wrestle and leap,  
And piping and revel are all their care.

Red spiders weave their gossamer thread  
O'er the steel-shod thongs of the shield on  
the ledge :

ΒΑΚΧΥΛΙΔΗΣ

ἔγχεά τε λογχωτὰ ξίφεά τ' ἀμφάκεα  
δάμναται εὐράς·  
χαλκεῶν δ' οὐκ ἔστι σαλπίγγων κτύπος·  
οὐδὲ συλαῖται μελίφρων ὕπνος ἀπὸ βλε-  
φάρων,  
ἀμὸν ὃς θάλλπει κέαρ.  
συμποσίων δ' ἐρατῶν βρίθοντ' ἀγυαί,  
παιδικοί θ' ὕμνοι φλέγονται.

PEACE

And the rust makes spoil of the broadsword's  
edge,  
And blunts the point of the keen spear-head.

The bray of the brazen trump is stilled,  
No more sweet sleep is snatched from our  
eyes  
When it warms our hearts : love songs arise,  
And with lovers and comrades the ways are  
filled.

Q. VALERIVS CATVLLVS

Paene insularum, Sirmio,  
insularumque  
ocelle, quascumque in  
liquentibus stagnis  
marique uasto fert uterque  
Neptunus,  
quam te libenter quamque  
laetus inuiso,  
uix mi ipse credens Thy-  
niam atque Bithynos  
liquisse campos et uidere  
te in tuto.  
O quid solutis est beatius  
curis,

## THE HOME-COMING

SIRMIO, the gem, the crown of isles and semi-  
isles that rest

Or upon the limpid lake or rolling sea, on  
Neptune's breast,

Great content and great delight are mine, to see  
thee once again

Scarce assured that I have really left behind the  
Thynian plain,

Left Bithynia far behind me, and in safety gaze  
on thee!

Oh! the joy of troubles ended, mind from weight  
of care set free,

Q. VALERIVS CATVLLVS

cum mens onus reponit, ac  
peregrino  
labore fessi uenimus larem  
ad nostrum  
desideratoque adquiescimus  
lecto.

Hoc est quod unum est pro  
laboribus tantis.

Salue, o uenusta Sirmio  
atque ero gaude :

• gaudete uosque, o Libyae  
lacus undae :  
ridete quidquid est domi  
cachinnorum.

xxxii.

## THE HOME-COMING

When all travel-worn and weary back to our  
own hearth we come,

On the pillow that we yearned for rest our head  
once more at home—

Compensation sole, sufficient, for the trouble we  
have borne.

Welcome, lovely isle of Sirmio! Greet your  
lord on his return!

Waves of Libya gladly greet me, greet me waters  
of the mere,

All the smiles and happy laughter of the home-  
stead give me cheer.

## ΣΟΦΟΚΛΗΣ

νῦν δ' οὐδέν εἰμι χωρὶς, ἀλλὰ πολλάκις  
ἔβλεψα ταύτη τὴν γυναικείαν φύσιν,  
ὡς οὐδέν ἐσμεν· αἱ νέαι μὲν ἐν πατρὸς  
ἡδιστον οἶμαι ζῶμεν ἀνθρώπων βίον·  
τερπνῶς γὰρ αἰ πάντας ἀνοία τρέφει.  
ὅταν δ' ἐς ἡβὴν ἐξικώμεθ' ἔμφρονες,  
ὠθούμεθ' ἔξω καὶ διεμπολώμεθα  
θεῶν πατρῶων τῶν τε φυσάντων ἄπο,  
αἱ μὲν ξένους πρὸς ἄνδρας αἱ δὲ βαρ-  
βάρους,  
αἱ δ' εἰς ἀήθη δώμαθ', αἱ δ' ἐπίρροθα.  
καὶ ταῦτ' ἐπειδὴν ἡμέρα ζεύξῃ μία  
χρεῶν ἐπαινεῖν καὶ δοκεῖν καλῶς ἔχειν.

TEREUS (fr. 517).



## WOMAN'S LOT

BUT now, myself alone, I am nought at all.  
Nay, oft in thought thus have I brooded o'er  
Our woman's nature, and our woman's lot,  
That we are nought. Oh, we young girls at home  
Live lives the sweetest mortals may, no doubt,  
Since pleasure still is fed by lack of thought.  
But when we grow to womanhood and wit,  
We are thrust out from the nest, trafficked away  
Far from our parents and our fathers' gods,  
This to a friend, this to some outlander,  
This to a home with strange new ways, and this  
To one contemptible. And when the bond  
For a single day has yoked us, we—why, straight  
We must applaud, and count it very good.

M. VALERIVS MARTIALIS

AMISSUM non flet cum sola est  
Gellia patrem :  
si quis adest iussae prosiliunt  
lacrimae.

Non dolet hic, quisquis laudari,  
Gellia, quaerit :  
ille dolet uere qui sine teste  
dolet.

i. 35.

## THE MOURNER

GELLIA, sitting all alone,  
Weeps not for her father gone ;  
But if friends to see her go,  
Quickly summoned tears will flow.

Gellia, 'tis but grief to feign  
When you weep applause to gain ;  
His the grief that 's real and deep,  
Who when none is by will weep.

## ΕΤΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ

Ἄρματα μὲν τάδε λαμπρὰ τεθρίππων  
ἥλιος ἤδη λάμπει κατὰ γῆν  
ἄστρα δὲ φεύγει πῦρ τὸδ' ἀπ' αἰθέρος  
ἔς νύχθ' ἱεράν,  
παρνησιάδες δ' ἄβατοι κορυφαὶ  
καταλαμπόμεναι τὴν ἡμερίαν  
ἀψίδα βροτοῖσι δέχονται.  
σμύρνης δ' ἀνύδρου καπνὸς ἔς ὄρφους  
Φοίβου πέτεται.

θάσσει δὲ γυνὴ τρίποδα ζάθεον  
Δελφίς, ἀείδουσ' Ἑλλησι βοάς  
ἃς ἂν Ἀπόλλων κελαδήσῃ.  
ἄλλ' ὦ Φοίβου Δελφοὶ θέραπες,

## THE MINISTER OF PHOEBUS

EVEN now the bright sun with his burning rays  
Is kindling his four-horsed car to a blaze  
Over the earth ; and the stars take flight  
From the flame of the sky to the sacred night.  
The pathless peaks of Parnassus aglow  
Are catching the gleam of his arc for men ;  
See the smoke of the myrrh unwatered go  
Floating up to the roof of the sun-god's fane.

On the holy tripod the dame is throned,  
And the Hellenes list to her cry intoned—  
The Delphic priestess, who takes the word  
From the mystic chant of Apollo her lord.  
You Delphian servants of Phoebus, away

ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ

τὰς Κασταλίας ἀργυροειδεῖς  
βαίνετε δίνας, καθαραῖς δὲ δρύσοις  
ἀφυδρανάμενοι στείχετε ναούς·  
στόμα τ' εὐφημον φρουρεῖν ἀγαθόν,  
φήμας τ' ἀγαθὰς τοῖς ἐθέλουσιν  
μαντεύεσθαι  
γλώσσης ἰδίας ἀποφαίνειν.

ἡμεῖς δὲ πόνους οὖς ἐκ παιδὸς  
μοχθοῦμεν αἰεὶ, πτόρθοισι δάφνης  
στέφουσιν θ' ἱεροῖς ἐσόδους Φοίβου  
καθαρὰς θήσομεν ὑγραῖς τε πέδον  
ράνισιν νοτερόν, πτηνῶν τ' ἀγέλας,  
αἱ βλάπτουσιν  
σεμν' ἀναθήματα, τόξοισιν ἐμοῖς  
φυγάδας θήσομεν· ὡς γὰρ ἀμήτωρ  
ἀπάτωρ τε γεγὼς τοὺς θρέψαντας  
Φοίβου ναοὺς θεραπεύω.

ION, 82.

## THE MINISTER OF PHOEBUS

Where the silvery eddies of Castaly play ;  
Then haste to the temple, made pure with her  
    spray.  
Take heed that your words be the words that  
    are meet,  
And the speech that your lips speak still be  
    discreet,  
To them that are seeking the counsels divine.

And straight will I turn to the task that is mine,  
And ever hath been from my childhood's days.  
With sacred wreaths and with laurel sprays  
The precinct of Phoebus I'll purify,  
    And sprinkle the lawn with a moistening dew,  
    And with my arrows the feathered crew  
That foul His treasure I'll make to fly.  
Since orphaned of parents I was born,  
Since never a mother I knew, forlorn,  
Nor father, mine is the ministry  
Of the Temple of Phoebus that fostered me.

M. VALERIUS MARTIALIS

NON coenat sine apro noster, Tite,  
• Caecilianus ;  
bellum conuiuiam Caecilianus  
habet.

vii. 59.

THE BOON COMPANION

FITZ-DOBBIN never cares to dine  
Without a boar at table ; why ?  
Because Fitz-Dobbin cannot shine  
But in congenial company.



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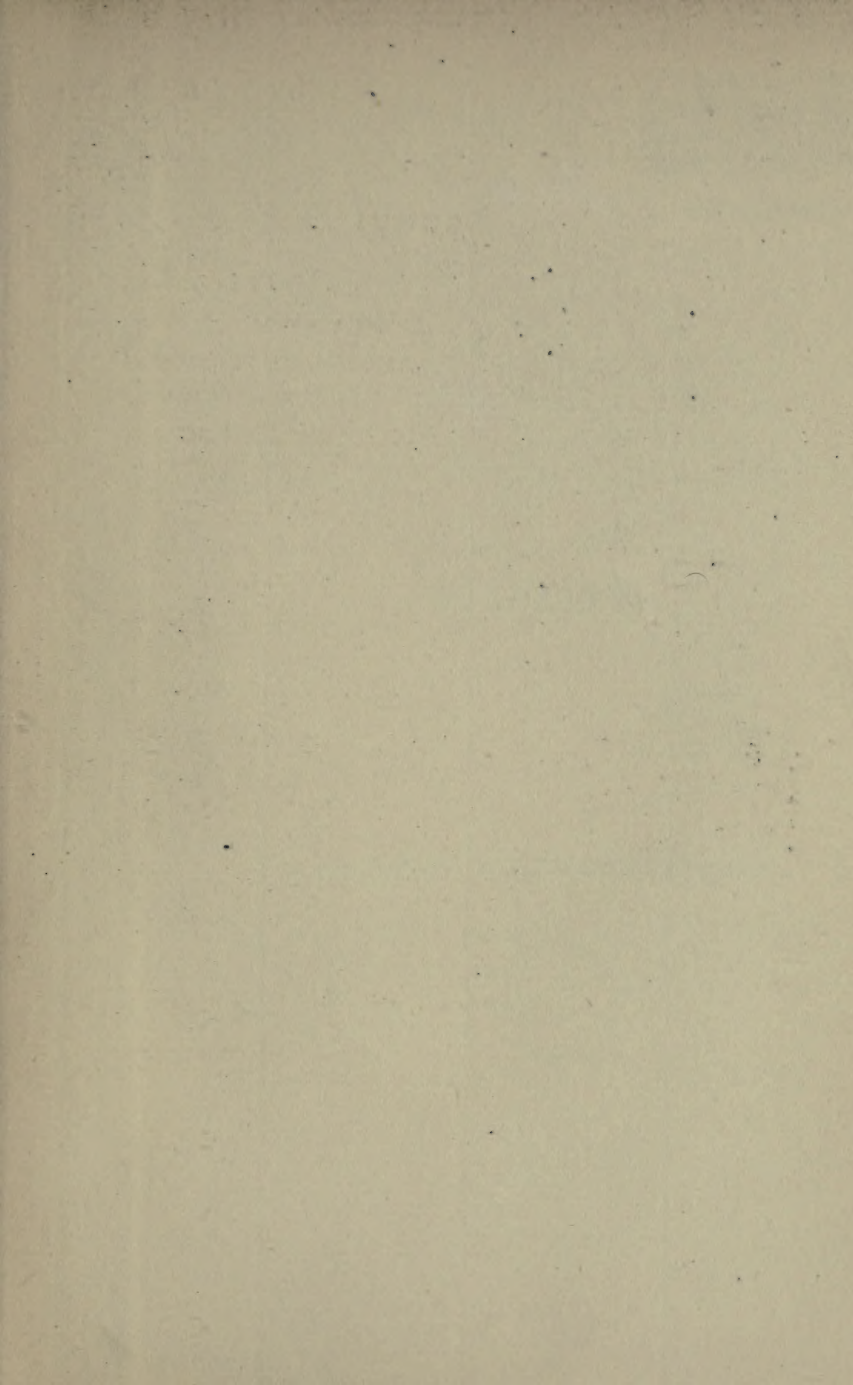
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